

## PURSUED BY A MACHINE.

A St. Louis Inventor Evolves a Conan Doyle Story From Wine That is Red.

Sometimes men see queer things after they have got themselves thoroughly saturated with alcohol. There is a room at the Laclede hotel, says the St. Louis Globe Democrat, where three different gentlemen have been chased by an ape wearing a tin hat and other eccentric articles of costume. It is of record that a young society leader of St. Louis has frequently herded thousands upon thousands of seals down town before him, the drove being so thick that it filled the street, and so gentle and intelligent that it opened up to let street cars and pedestrians pass through. Still another awful example is a merchant on 'Change, who, when in his cups, evokes out of his inner consciousness an iron mother-in-law, who rebukes him; a phantom made all the more tragic by the fact that he never was married.

Instances might be multiplied to include the case of the west end doctor who has to hawk rather high cadavers about town while he is recovering, or the north end man who murdered his wife and children with an ax some years ago in a futile effort to elude a Veiled Prophet's procession which took after him, but none of these waking dreams is quite so ornate as that which Mr. James Waite brought with him down to the Four Courts a few days ago.

Mr. Waite sells groceries for a livelihood at Fourteenth and Morgan, and for some time past he has improved his evening hours by inventing a type-setting machine. Anybody who has ever invented a type-setting machine will understand without being told, that Mr. Waite took to drink. The two things go together. Mr. Waite invented and imbibed until a late hour one Friday evening, when, with a succession of blood curdling shrieks, he rushed out of his lodgings over the grocery store and ran south on Fourteenth street.

He was closely pursued by a monster, consisting chiefly of wheels and rakes. It partook largely of the nature of a bicycle, but it was balanced and steered by a tail made up of pulleys. Its feet were shod with harrow teeth, and its head was a triple gang of small wheels, which it always held sideways. At least that is what Mr. Waite, who appears to be a truthful man, told a Globe-Democrat reporter yesterday morning.

"I never had them before," he said, "and I used to think people were lying, but I tell you it is better than the gold cure to have it happen to you just one time. I was drinking pretty heavily all day one Friday, and I went to bed about 9. Then there was a clear clatter in the room, and that there thing was standing on the floor trying to paw its way to the

bed. Of course I got out, but if it hadn't missed the step and fallen down stairs it would have got me before I ever got to the street. Of course I ran. Anybody would have run when a blooming mechanical impossibility started to get into bed with him. And the more it rattled and buzzed the harder I sprinted. I know now it wasn't so, but I saw it and heard it last night. The hearing was the worst of it. There was a kind of a whirr when the wheels went round, and a scratching of the harrow teeth as it clattered on the granite crossings that went right to my heart, and that's no lie. You couldn't have reasoned me out of running, not if you had a beer mallet. I jump now when a street car rumbles, but that may be the bromide I've been taking all morning. If the officer hadn't sat up with me I don't believe I would have lived through the night."

Mr. Waite, being duly sober and greatly impressed by his adventures, was permitted to go home, after solemnly promising to eschew invention and wassail.

The Roman Catacombs are 580 miles in extent and it is estimated that from 6,000,000 to 15,000,000 dead are there interred.

In 1790 a handkerchief cost 60 cents in Massachusetts, while a pair of stockings cost 75 cents, and potatoes were 30 cents a bushel.

Successive strikes of miners in England and Scotland are said to be rapidly developing the coal production of India, in spite of low freights.

A Philadelphia woman, recently deceased, whose will is now being contested, made provision that she should be buried in her seal skin sacque.

The average annual import of raw silk since 1888 has been 5,000,000 pounds; half comes from Japan, one-quarter from Europe and the rest from China.

The first metal bridge in England was a cast iron structure, built in 1777 over the Severn. The cast iron bridge across the Wear at Sunderland was opened in 1796.

An interesting election was held in the Methodist churches of San Francisco and Oakland on Nov. 25. The subject voted upon was, "Shall Women Be Sent as Delegates to the Church Conferences?"

While men were engaged in tearing down the Old Beehive public house in Bridge street Blayden, they happened upon some masonry that was a part of a monastery that had stood upon the site 400 years before.

The English ship Gibraltar is of 7,700 tons burden; extreme length 384 feet; breadth, 60 feet 8 inches. Her armament consists of two 22-ton guns, ten 6-inch quick-firing guns, twelve 6-pounders and five three-pounders.

## THE WALLS OF SEOUL.

How a Party of Travelers Scaled Them After Nightfall.

Seoul, like Peking, and, what is more, like all the cities of Corea and China, says a traveler, writing in the New York Herald, is surrounded by immense walls; and the gates of the city are closed each evening at set of sun. The latter had been replaced by the moon when we arrived at the foot of these great walls, which must be all of fifty feet in height. Not wishing to leave us to pass the night outside the city and exposed to numberless dangers, the minister had had the happy idea to have us conveyed to a secluded spot where we were assisted to climb over the walls.

A score of Coreans sat astride the top and lowered strong ropes. The ascent was perilous and very difficult. It took at least a half hour to hoist one of our friends, who being enormously stout, gave to the Coreans an immense deal of difficulty, and, besides, he, terrified to find himself swinging in space at the end of a rope, to our great delight, uttered howls of fright. Thus was our entry into Seoul something less than triumphant.

## At a Loss.

Rev. T. Mozley says in his "Reminiscences" of Oxford life, that he one day made an innocent remark which exposed him to sudden reproof. He was listening to Samuel Wilberforce the younger and a friend, as they named alternately more than fifty species of pines and Taxodia, and becoming impatient of that exercise, he threw in his word:

"Yet," said he, "the meanest grub that preys on those trees, is higher in the order of creation than all of them." Wretched man that he was, to have spoken! The bishop looked him in the face and returned, with severity: "So you think a bucket of Thames water a nobler object of contemplation than Windsor forest!"

As Mr. Mozley said, in telling the incident:

"I collapsed, for I never executed or even attempted a repartee in my life."

## He Was Plain But Not Foolish.

At a ball one evening, a plain country gentleman had engaged a pretty coquette for the next dance, but a gallant yachting captain coming along persuaded the young lady to abandon her previous engagement in favor of himself. The other, overhearing all that had passed, moved toward a card table and sat down to a game of whist. The captain, a few minutes afterward, stepped up to the young lady to excuse himself, as he was engaged to another he had forgotten. The coquette, much chagrined, approached the whist table, hoping to secure her first partner, and said: "I believe, sir, it is time to take our places." The old-fashioned snitor, in the act of dividing the pack for the next dealer, courteously replied: "No, madam, I mean to keep my place. When ladies shuffle, I cut."

The skeleton of the leathery-winged bat is bone for bone and joint for joint similar to that of man.